Doll I cannot ſpeake, if my hart be not ready to burſt: wel ſweete Iacke, haue a care of thy ſelfe.

Fal. Farewell, farewell.

Hoſt. Wel, fare thee wel, I haue knowne thee theſe twentie nine yeeres, come peaſe-cod time, but an honeſter, and truer hearted man: wel, fare thee wel.

Bard. Miſtris Tere-ſheete.

Hoſt. Whats the matter?

Bard. Bid miſtris Tere-ſheete come to my maiſter.

Hoſt. O runne Doll, runne, runne good Doll, come, ſhee comes blubberd, yea? wil you come Doll? *exeunt*

Enter Iuſtice Shallow, and Iuſtice Silens.

Sha. Come on, come on, come on, giue me your hand ſir, giue me your hand ſir, an early ſtirrer, by the Roode: and how doth my good cooſin Silence?

Si. Good morrow good cooſine Shallow.

Sha. And how doth my cooſin your bedfellow? and your faireſt daughter and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

Si. Alas, a blacke wooſel, cooſin Shallow.

Sha. By yea, and no, ſir, I dare ſay my cooſin William is become a good ſcholler, he is at Oxford ſtil, is he not?

Si. Indeede ſir to my coſt.

Sha. A muſt then to the Innes a court ſhortly: I was once of Clements Inne, where I thinke they wil talke of mad Shallow yet.

Si. You were calld Luſty Shallow then, cooſin.

Sha. By the maſſe I was calld any thing, and I would haue done any thing indeede too, and roundly too: there was I, and little Iohn Doyt of Staffordſhire, and blacke George Barnes, and Francis Pickebone, and Will Squele a Cotſole man, you had not foure ſuch ſwinge-bucklers in all the Innes a court againe, and I may ſay to you, wee knewe where the bona robes were, and had the beſt of them all at commaundement: then was Iacke Falſtaffe, now ſir Iohn, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray duke of Norffolke.

Si. This ſir Iohn, cooſin, that comes hither anone about ſouldiers?

Sha. The ſame ſir Iohn, the very ſame, I ſee Skoggins head at the Court gate, when a was a C thus high: and the very ſame day did I fight with Stockefiſh a Fruiterer behinde Greyes Inne: Ie mad dayes that I haue ſpent! and to ſee how many acquaintance are dead.

Si. We ſhal all follow, cooſin.

Sha. Certaine, tis certaine, very ſure, very ſure, Pſalmiſt ſaith) is certaine to all, all ſhall die. How a of bullockes at Samforth faire?

Si. By my troth I was not there.

Sha. Death is certaine; Is old Dooble of your ing yet?

Si. Dead ſir.

Sha. Ieſu, Ieſu, dead! a drew a good bow, and d a fine ſhoote: Iohn a Gaunt loued him well, and b money on his head. Dead? a would haue clapt twelue ſcore, and carried you a forehand ſhaft a fou foureteene and a halfe, that it would haue doone a good to ſee. How a ſcore of Ewes now?

Si. Thereafter as they bee, a ſcore of good ew worth ten pounds.

Sha. And is olde Dooble dead?

Si. Here come two of ſir Iohn Falſtaffes men,

Enter Bardolfe, and one with him

Good morrow honeſt gentlemen.

Bardolfe I beſeech you, which is iuſtice Shallow

Sha: I am Robart Shallowe, ſir, a poore Eſq Countie, and one of the Kings iuſtices of the peac your good pleaſure with me?

Bard: My Captaine, ſir, commends him to you tain ſir Iohn Falſtaffe, a tall gentleman, by heauen, a gallant Leader.

Sha: He greetes me wel, ſir, I knew him a good h man: how doth the good Knight? may I aske how